

responsible, forever, for what you have tamed

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36048163) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36048163>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Tropes , There Was Only One Bed , Top Hannibal Lecter , Bottom Will Graham , Rough Sex , D/s undertones , bc im incapable of writing hannigram scenes with at least d/s undertones oops , Porn With Plot , only a little though , PWP , once again there's a whole discussion about consent bc im into consent , Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper , no beta we die like chesapeake ripper victims , Sharing a Bed
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Fics Hannibal Would Cook For
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-29 Words: 6,689 Chapters: 1/1

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by [multifandom_fanfic_writer](#)

Summary

There was only one bed.

Notes

I wrote top/dom-ish Hannibal, for a change, lol. Honestly I just wanted to write one of my favourite tropes (combined with the Fake Date thing), so I hope you enjoy!

Unbeta'd.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*For you, I undress down to the sheaths of my nerves.
I unhook my ribs, spread my lungs flat on a chair.*

*I dissolve like a remedy in water, in wine.
I spill without staining, and leave without stirring the air.*

I do it for love. For love, I disappear.

“Apologies, sirs, everything else is booked.”

Will leaned against the counter as he watched Hannibal argue with the receptionist. Arguing, for Hannibal, translating to politely but firmly asking if there *really was no other option available, they were not picky*, but Will saw it for what it really was.

It was unlike the doctor Will had come to know.

They were on their way to a case, ever at Jack’s beck-and-call. Will was surprised but pleased when Hannibal insisted he’d accompany Will. The fact that Hannibal had drove them in his comfortable car with amazing heating had only pleased Will more. He liked spending time with the doctor.

On the drive here, they’d talked about music, fishing, the opera, and, of course, murder. Hannibal was one of the few people, if not the only, Will didn’t have to pretend with. Conversation flowed easily and when it did not, the silence was comfortable in the luxury of Hannibal’s Bentley.

Unfortunately, due to a combination of bad weather and a roadblock, they hadn’t reached the town they had booked a room at. And now they were stranded here, at the only hotel in town – with only one available room.

It made Will a little nervous. On one hand, Will’s good and bad nights were about fifty-fifty these days. This evening could easily turn into another night of insomnia, and he didn’t want to bother Hannibal.

On the other hand, sharing a bed with the man he’d started to like maybe a little more than a friend made his stomach flutter in a good way.

All of this made Will content to stand off to the side, watching Hannibal try to change reality through aggressive manners.

He didn’t mind the view.

“Again, sirs,” the lady behind the counter insisted, starting to look a little annoyed, “I am very sorry, but there is a drag convention here this weekend and it is only due to a cancellation that there is any room free at all.”

Hannibal opened his mouth and Will decided it was time to step in.

“We’ll take it,” he stepped up next to Hannibal, eyes flickering to her nametag, “Samantha. Thank you.”

Hannibal stiffened for a moment before relaxing. “Of course,” he agreed. “Apologies for my insistence. We’ve had a long day.”

Samantha relaxed, giving them a quick but relieved smile. “That’s completely understandable.” They completed the transaction and went on their way. Hannibal seemed calm as they did so, but Will wasn’t buying it.

“Don’t forget to make Jack foot the bill,” he murmured as they made up their way to room 394.

“It is no trouble.”

Will rolled his eyes. “I don’t care that you can easily miss it. Jack called us here, Jack pays.”

“As you wish.”

They passed two women – no, two drag queens. Both were visibly tipsy. One of them caught Will’s eyes and mouthed *nice catch*.

Will forced his blush down and looked away. This was not the time to think about his teeny tiny completely unreasonable crush on a certain paisley-clad doctor.

Besides, it seemed like Will was the only one not troubled by the idea sharing a bed. He swallowed, a little let down. Though he shouldn’t be surprised, really. Why would someone like Hannibal want to share a bed with someone like him? Hannibal had always taken his weirdness in stride, but it was one thing to accept his nightmares and night sweats sitting across from each other in an office, and another thing to experience it in person.

On the other hand, the doctor hadn’t flinched once when seeing any of the crime scene photos, nor hesitated to save Andrew Caldwell. Will bit his lip, feeling a little defensive.

“We’re here,” Hannibal said, aggressively neutral.

The room was simple but decent. Clean. There was a bathroom with a bathtub-shower combination and a small vanity sink. The room itself had two chairs, a table, and a single queen-sized bed.

Hannibal was eying the room with distaste.

“You can take the bed, Will,” the doctor said politely.

“Which leaves you sleeping where, exactly?”

“The chair, I believe, will suffice for the night.”

Will threw his bag on the bed and crossed his arms, leaning his weight on one hip and tapping his foot against the ground. Outside, the rain tapped against the window. Someone

had been thoughtful enough to close it.

Hannibal turned around.

“C’mon,” Will said. “What’s with you today?”

The line of Hannibal’s shoulders was drawn. His hands were straight down his side. “I have no idea what you’re alluding to, Will.”

“Why are you so hesitant to share a bed for the night?” Will tried not to let his offence show.

“I know you are uncomfortable with the prospect of sharing your private space with another, Will, and I-”

Will arched an eyebrow. That was a reach. “You should know it’s never wise to make assumptions. If you can handle a crime scene, you can handle me getting up in the middle of the night to change out of my sweaty clothes. I even brought extra towels.”

“I really don’t mind taking the chair.”

Will’s mind raced. “It seems to me that *you* are the one uncomfortable sharing a bed, Dr. Lecter. Or is it sharing a bed with me?”

As soon as he spoke the words, the doubt set in. His earlier thoughts returned and his posture deflated.

It probably *was* about him. Hannibal must be thinking how completely unprofessional and unethical it would be to share a bed. Will had been very clear about his night sweats, and the doctor was a very hygienic person. Of course he wouldn’t want to share a bed with someone like him.

Hannibal’s pyjamas probably cost more than his entire wardrobe, anyway.

“I’m sorry,” Will said, hunching in on himself. “It was rude of me to pry. I understand. Maybe it’s better you take the bed and I sleep in the car.” Wait. Hannibal probably wouldn’t want his Bentley soiled.

“Will.”

Hannibal’s voice cut through his self-deprecating thoughts. Will obeyed the unspoken command and looked up, meeting the other man’s gaze.

Hannibal took a deep breath and seemed to come to a decision. “It has nothing to do with you, Will,” he said and sounded almost kind. “It has more to do with me.”

Yeah. Will got that. “I understand, Dr. Lecter, really.”

“I don’t think you do,” Hannibal said. He sat down on the edge of the bed, hands in his lap. If he were anyone else, Will would call it a nervous tic.

“Although my sleep is far more restful than yours,” Hannibal started evenly, “I have my own peculiarities as well. My nights are often physically restless, though I myself notice little of it. Previous bedpartners have found themselves pushed out of bed,” his voice turned wry, “several times a night. Or worse.”

Pushing down the flare of jealousy that surged forward at the mention of *previous bedpartners*, Will just hummed. “You are so in control during the day,” he theorized, “the opposite happens during the night. The subconscious emerging victorious in the dark.” Hannibal must hate it. “Your sense of control slipping through your hands like the intangibility of dreams.”

Hannibal’s lips quirked upwards. “Poetic. Didn’t you say you hated psychoanalysing?”

Will studied Hannibal’s polished shoes and shrugged. “Can’t turn mine off any more than you yours.”

“So you see why it would be inconvenient for us to share a bed.”

Will shrugged. “I don’t see the problem. I wake up several times a night, anyway, might as well climb back into the bed as I go.”

Hannibal watched him calmly.

“Besides,” Will said, “you need to drive tomorrow, so you should have the bed in any case. And if your argument is that you’ll wake me up, I’ll do that anyway. And it’ll be even worse if I sleep in the car or the chair.”

“Very well.”

On the cusp of making another argument, something about being a trained police officer who can handle himself, Will stopped. Blinked.

“Oh. Okay.” He shuffled his feet. “Good.”

No more was spoken of it. They went downstairs and took a seat between the flamboyantly dressed and elated crowd. They ate mediocre food as Will tried not to laugh at Hannibal’s subtle petulant expression. They discussed the case so far. The recent protests concerning climate regulations. Chilton’s new article. Will’s dogs. Hannibal’s latest experiment in Asian cuisine.

It was nice. It felt – he felt normal. Like friends. Or more. Will tried not to read too much into it.

(He totally read too much into it.)

They went upstairs together, receiving several catcalls on their way up. Will felt something flutter in his belly. The lines around Hannibal’s mouth tightened.

Will brushed his shoulder against Hannibal’s. “They’re just having fun,” he said soothingly.

“I did not say anything,” Hannibal said neutrally.

Will shrugged. “You didn’t have to.”

Hannibal didn’t reply.

Will readied himself for bed like he was in a dream. Before he knew it, he was stepping out of the bathroom in his t-shirt and boxers.

Hannibal looked up from his reading, still in his three-piece. Something unreadable flashed through his eyes. Will swallowed.

“Bathroom’s free,” he said and it only sounded a little hoarse.

When Hannibal emerged from the bathroom Will wasn’t sure if he was disappointed or amused to see the long-sleeved and long-legged silken black pyjama. The silken material of Hannibal’s pyjama clung to him sensually. His hair was loose, falling over his eyes.

Scratch that. There was a completely different emotion rising up in Will at the sight of Hannibal like this. He swallowed as he felt his cock twitch and willed it to stay down. Not. Appropriate.

Putting his phone away, Will turned to see Hannibal standing next to the bed, a blank expression on his face.

“This really is a thing for you, isn’t it?” Will said softly.

Hannibal turned an intent expression towards Will.

“I won’t force you to sleep in the bed,” Will said, suddenly feeling a little guilty. “If you’re really uncomfortable with me seeing that part of you, I understand. I don’t want to invade your privacy any more than you’re comfortable with.”

Rather than giving Hannibal an out, as Will intended, his words seemed to create a sense of determination.

“It is my job to worry about you, Will,” Hannibal said as he slid into the bed. The mattress shifted, and Will felt himself being pulled a little to the centre of the bed. Closer to Hannibal.

Will smiled. “Wasn’t it you who called us friends, Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal met his eyes. “If our friendship is to become mutual,” he said seriously, “I must insist you call me by my given name.”

They stared at each other for a good five seconds.

“Of course,” Will said. “Hannibal.”

Hannibal blinked slowly in response, like a satisfied cat, something passing over his face too quickly for Will to catch. “Good night, Will,” he said and turned off the light and facing the

wall.

“Good night, Hannibal,” Will said and did the same.

Will woke up with something warm plastered against his back.

At first, Will thought he was dreaming. It could have very well been a dream. Those nights where the nightmares subsided and the daydreams took over his dreams, this was exactly the kind of scenario he'd lose himself in.

Thus Will's first reaction was to sigh happily. He often dreamed about being the little spoon. There was an arm wormed underneath him, pressed against his chest. Another arm lay on top of his hip, grip gentle but firm.

Will nuzzled his whole body into the person behind him. In his mind, it was Hannibal. Hannibal would be taller than him, like this. His hands would be big and broad, like these hands.

His cock would be stiff and eager, pressing into his backside, nudging sweetly between his buttocks.

Just like this.

Will's imagination was top-notch. The downsides of that were horrible nightmares and crime scenes that haunted him. The topside was being able to literally live the fantasy.

Will grinded his ass into the imaginary stiffness behind him, humming in pleasure.

The arm on his hip tightened. The hand on his chest intertwined with his own.

Taking a deep breath, Will smelled sandalwood, steel, and something flowery. On top of that, his own scent; mostly sweat and arousal, familiar to him. Other than that, he smelt the cheap detergent of the motel room, the faint smell of stale sweat from the countless bodies having laid here before.

Will's eyes flew open. Reality came crashing down.

This was not a dream.

Fuck.

Behind him, Hannibal mumbled something incoherent and grasped his hip tighter. He hauled Will closer against him, hips pressing forward as his cock nestled firmly in the crack of Will's ass.

Will shuddered in pleasure, though it was dampened by the panic rising within him.

Fuck, fuck, fuckity-fuck, what the hell am I supposed to do now?

His problem was not with the situation itself. Will could already feel his cock twitching to life, arousal swirling in his gut. If this had been a situation where the both of them were conscious, Will would've wasted no time to wiggle out of his pants and spear himself on that deliciously large cock he was currently making acquaintance with.

The problem was that Hannibal was sleeping.

From his earlier stories, Will got the impression that the only people Hannibal shared a bed with were his rare partners. Lovers. Dates. Whatever. This meant that if someone was sleeping next to Hannibal, they were probably a sexual partner of his.

Will was not, no matter how much he'd like to be. There was no chance Hannibal would act this way if he knew just who was in his arms.

Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, Will ignored the disappointment and longing in his gut and started to disentangle himself from Hannibal. It was for the best.

This was easier said than done.

Prying his hand apart from Hannibal's where they had been intertwined against his chest took a surprising amount of effort. The doctor was surprisingly strong, which totally didn't turn Will on at all, no sir.

When Will tried to gently take Hannibal's hand off his hip, the sleeping man resisted quite stubbornly. The hand on his hip did not budge. On the contrary, his other now-free hand pulled Will further into Hannibal's arms. They were now pressed so tightly together Will could feel every single line of Hannibal's body, from his broad and muscular chest to his angular hipbones and, of course, his cock.

Will groaned. His own cock thickened further.

To top it all off, Hannibal buried his nose in the nape of Will's neck, inhaling deeply. Will stiffened, caught between mortification and arousal, *what's with all the smelling*, when Hannibal murmured something.

"Will," the older man groaned, nosing around Will's hairline and breathing in deeply. The hand on his hip moved further downwards, teasing the inside of his thigh, close to his stiffening cock.

Oh.

At the sound of his name, Will moaned. Hannibal's leg tangled with his own and Will moved with it, suddenly again half-convinced he was dreaming. If Hannibal's subconscious really took over in his sleep... apparently, it wanted Will.

The thought made something warm spread in his chest.

Still. Sadly, that possible revelation didn't change the situation that much. "Hannibal," Will said gently, the name alien on his tongue. Intimate.

Hannibal only ground his hips harder in response and Will suppressed a groan. His whole body was tingling with sensation, set alight through the layers of clothing.

“Hannibal,” he said (or moaned) louder. Hannibal’s hand crept closer to his groin. Will’s body felt like it was on fire.

“Hannibal!”

The movement stopped. Hannibal’s breathing stilled.

“It’s, uh,” Will started, only to be cut off by a rustle of movement.

Hannibal drew back completely. He was there one second, gone the next. In fact, the doctor pushed himself away with such force Will was promptly pushed off the bed.

He made an *oof* noise as he hit the ground, half-tangled in the blankets.

Rubbing his hip, Will sought the bedside lamp and turned it on.

When he rose from the ground, he was smiling, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. “Guess you managed to push me off the bed after all,” he joked before he saw the look on Hannibal’s face.

Hannibal’s expression was completely blank. Not like his usual blankness, which was a concealment of annoyance or disinterest (or both). This was different, the type of neutral one choose when one felt too many emotions to process, never mind portray.

Will gently sat down on the bed. Hannibal did not move an inch. If he were any less in control of himself, Will was sure he would’ve flinched.

“Hey,” Will said gently, “are you okay?”

“I should be asking you that.”

Will cocked his head. “Why?”

“I imposed myself upon you, Will. I may be many things, but I am not that. What I just did was inexcusable.”

“You were asleep, Hannibal.”

“That’s not an excuse. I should’ve never acquiesced to sleep next to you when I knew this was a possibility.”

Will leaned forward, trying not to seem too eager. “What do you mean, you knew this was a possibility?”

Hannibal shook his head. His face was still eerily blank. It was unnerving. Will moved closer, slowly, as if approaching one of his strays. He resisted his urge to show his hands, fingers spread.

“What did you think happened just now?”

Hannibal’s shoulders stiffened defensively. “Surely, the situation was clear. We were both asleep when I decided to haul you close against your will and harass until– what?”

Will was shaking his head, suppressing a smile. He should maybe be more reassuring towards Hannibal, but he had a feeling the older man wasn’t emotionally shaken as much as angry at his own lack of control.

“What, you think I just lay there and let it happen?”

Hannibal’s expression smoothed out into curiosity.

“Your subconscious is not the only one complicit, Hannibal.”

Will straightened until he was sitting on his knees, very aware of his stiff nipples and cock, both visible through his clothes. A part of him felt silly, putting himself on display like this (*what are you thinking, who do you think you are*) but that part was quickly silenced by Hannibal’s reaction.

Hannibal’s pupils dilated. His iris seemed crimson in the dim light. The older man’s hands tightened in the sheets, body tense. He looked like a predator, barely caged.

“You don’t know what you’re playing at, Will.”

Will licked his lips. “Don’t I?”

“You are my patient.” Hannibal’s eyes were glued to Will’s chest.

“We are only having conversations, as you’ve so repeatedly stated.” Will smirked. He wanted the predator to come out, to devour him whole. “It’s not as if our relationship hasn’t trampled all over doctor-patient boundaries, anyway.”

“*Will*,” his name sounded sinful on Hannibal’s tongue.

Will looked down, his confidence fading. “Why are you fighting this so hard?” He ran a hand down his side and over his legs unthinkingly. Hannibal followed it like a bloodhound. “Am I reading this wrong? None of your objections are about your willingness, so that can’t be it. Right?” He bit his lip. “Are you still upset by earlier? I didn’t think it bothered you that much, but maybe I miscalculated. If it did, I’m–”

“That’s not it. If we do this,” Hannibal cut him off with a growl, “I will never let you go.”

His eyes were like steel. “That is not a joke, nor something I say in the spur-of-the-moment. You need to realize that.”

Will’s breath caught. Arousal surged through his body. “Yes. Yes please,” he croaked. He could think of nothing else he wanted more.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal moved closer, slowly, carefully. He shifted forward until their knees were touching. He raised his hand inch by inch. Will could see Hannibal wasn't just giving Will a chance to back away, but also giving himself time to change his mind.

Hannibal's hand touched his cheek. Will closed his eyes, groin aching, heart beating wildly in his chest.

“*Please*,” he begged sweetly.

And then Hannibal was on him.

The doctor closed the last inches between them with a sigh, pressing his lips to Will like he was committing himself to a new deity. Will kissed him back passionately, climbing into his lap, unable to restrain himself. Hannibal's arms came around him and pulled him close, one hand on his ass, their bodies flush together.

“Finally,” Will groaned as he ground his hips against Hannibal's. Hannibal *snarled*, showing his teeth, and suddenly Will was on his back.

“Beautiful boy,” Hannibal climbed over Will, bracketing his head with both arms. He was holding Will down with his weight and Will arched up against him, feeling held, feeling safe.

“Beautiful man,” he responded teasingly, a little breathless. Hannibal smiled, eyes tender, before heat filled them once again. He attacked Will's neck with kisses, then nibbled on the skin, rolling it teasingly between his lips.

Will could feel Hannibal restraining himself. He didn't want Hannibal to restrain himself. He wanted to see the monster.

“Bite me.”

“Will,” Hannibal groaned again and obeyed. He bit Will's jaw, his neck. It barely left an indentation in his skin.

“Harder,” Will commanded. “I know you want it.”

Hannibal didn't react for a moment. He drew back guardedly.

“You can let go,” Will promised Hannibal, wanting the usually so collected man to finally lose control. He wanted to be the cause of it.

“Ravage me however you want, Hannibal. Follow your instincts. I can take it. I *want* it.”

Hannibal's hips twitched forward, his breathing heavy. He sought Will's eyes, his own eyes clouded and filled with wonder, and seemed satisfied at what he found there.

“Whatever you wish,” Hannibal said slyly and flipped them around.

Before Will knew it, he was manhandled in a new position. On his side, being spooned by Hannibal, both of them breathing loudly. Hannibal's cock grinded into his ass, big hands holding him in place. The blanket covered the both of them.

It was a mirror of the position they'd woken up in.

"Let's try this again, my dear," Hannibal said calmly as his hands roamed Will's body. Will moaned, the older man's hands leaving a burning trail on his heated skin.

"Let's say I woke up like this, with such a pretty and eager boy in my arms, squirming against me."

Hannibal's hand found his nipple, rubbing it, then pinched it. Will squirmed. Hannibal pinched harder.

Will moaned, reasting his head against Hannibal's shoulder. He felt empty, wanting to be filled, to spear himself on Hannibal's cock.

"Now," Hannibal continued in an even tone, contradicted by the fact that he was rock-hard against Will's ass, his heartbeat so loud Will could hear it, "if I listened to my urges, my *instincts*, what followed would be simple."

Without warning, he yanked Will's boxers to his knees, freeing his straining cock. Will whimpered. Hannibal's hand disappeared, and Will heard the rustle of cloth behind him.

"I would fuck him right there and then," Hannibal breathed in his ear at the same time his cock, now freed of its silken confines, pressed against Will's bare ass. "He might still be loose and open for me from the night before," Will made a wanton noise, "and I might not even have the patience to stretch him open. I could just slide into him right away, no thoughts on my mind but to take what's *mine*."

Will imagined himself, freshly fucked from the night before, woken up by Hannibal's cock in his ass. His chest ached with yearning. He moaned, heartbeat thundering in his ears.

Hannibal's cock slipped between Will's buttocks, rubbing up and down, teasing along his crack, catching slightly on Will's twitching rim. His mouth moved away from his ears, lower, until he reached Will's shoulder and *bit*.

Claimed.

Will keened. "Please," he begged Hannibal, though he wasn't quite clear for what. He wanted Hannibal inside of him, *needed it*, and he wanted it now. He didn't care about the pain.

Hannibal's hand wrapped around Will's cock, stroking slowly. Will's hips bucked forward without his say-so.

"But I am more than my instincts," Hannibal continued, "and I'm going to take such good care of you, my boy."

Hannibal released Will's cock and drew back, disappearing under the blankets. Will made a confused and forlorn noise, opening his eyes, but before he could do much more two strong hands held him down by the hips.

"Hannibal," Will breathed and then his cock was enveloped in heat.

Whatever Will was going to say trailed off in broken moans as Hannibal swallowed him down to the root. Hannibal was of course as talented at this as at anything else he put his mind to, taking him inside his mouth in one smooth move.

"Fuck," Will cursed as Hannibal set a rhythm. The doctor licked and sucked along his cock, teasing his cockhead one moment and deepthroating him the next. Will felt lost in the river of sensations, hands flutily grabbing the sheets around them.

He tried to buck up into Hannibal's mouth, but was unable to. Hannibal held him down easily. It only fuelled Will's ecstasy.

Hannibal let go of Will's cock with a 'pop' and looked up at him. "Will, darling," he commanded in a rough voice, and Will shivered. "Draw your knees up for me. Let me see you."

Will obeyed without thinking.

Hannibal sucked Will's cock back into his mouth, and Will sighed. Hannibal kept moving his head, but slowed his pace, drawing it out.

His fingers dragged through the mess of his own spit and Will's precum, then circled lower, teasing along Will's rim.

Will spread his legs wider and made an eager sound.

Hannibal's first finger slid in easily. Will's hips bucked harder, pleasure pooling in his gut. The second joined in soon after, scissoring Will open. It was a little rough with only spit to ease the way, but Will's had certainly pleased himself enough these past few weeks, this very scenario in his mind. The sparks of pain that were left only heightened the sensation.

Hannibal deliberately avoided Will's prostate with a doctor's precision, fingering him open with pure efficiency as his head slowly bobbed up and down. Will realized his own hand was playing with his nipple and he moaned.

"Hannibal," Will panted, unable to wait any longer. "I'm ready, I'm so ready, I want you in me so badly, please. Stop tea-, *oh*, teasing me."

Hannibal drew back with glittering eyes. He didn't stop to wipe his mouth before he was kissing Will once more, sharing his own taste with him, which Will accepted eagerly.

When Hannibal drew back, he was a vision. His cheeks were flushed, his cock straining, his arms tense.

Then Hannibal stilled. “Will,” he said and something unhappy flashed over his face. “I’m afraid I don’t have – I didn’t think,” he sounded strained, his own cock already leaking.

Will cut him off. “I have supplies with me,” he said, blushing a little. “In my bag.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow.

Will looked away. “I told you, you weren’t the only one who dreamed about this.”

“My dear boy,” Hannibal’s voice was rough and he kissed Will again, long and tender. Will pulled Hannibal closer, trailed his hands along the older man’s back, admiring his muscles.

Hannibal handed Will the bag and Will fished out the lube and condoms. He handed Hannibal the lube, then hesitated.

“Are you... Do you...” Will half-asked, half-suggested, even though he knew it was careless. But he hadn’t had sex in years and tested clean at his yearly physical. And he couldn’t imagine Hannibal being in anything less than perfect health.

“Darling,” Hannibal said roughly as he plucked the condoms out of Will’s hands and put them back in the bag, pushing it away. “I told you,” popping the cap of the lube and drizzling some on his hand, “I am never going to let you go.”

Will closed his eyes. His heart felt full to bursting.

“Yeah,” he said eagerly, crawling back into his former position, “yes. Please. I need you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal bared his teeth, putting two lubed up fingers back inside Will. He slid inside of him so easily. Will drew his hands above his head and arched his back, presenting himself.

Hannibal licked his lips. A third finger joined the other two.

“Don’t,” Will said as soon as he felt it. “I want to feel you.”

Hannibal’s eyes flashed and he drew back without complaint. “You will, darling,” he said heatedly as he slicked himself up, groaning at his own touch. “You’ll forget what it’s like to be untouched by me.”

Will groaned, watching Hannibal eagerly. “Next time, I want you to fuck my mouth,” he said unthinkingly, eyes glued to Hannibal’s straining cock. He could almost feel the weight of it in his mouth, the come coating his tongue.

Hannibal stilled, then took a deep breath.

“You are devastating to my self-control,” he finally said.

Will shot him a mischievous grin.

Hannibal shook his head with a smile, which then turned sly. He grabbed Will's hips and Will shivered, *finally*, but all Hannibal did was force him to turn around and urge his hips upwards.

"Present for me, Will," Hannibal commanded him. "Show me how much you want me."

Will shivered again and obeyed. He arched his ass high up in the air and pressed his chest against the mattress. He spread his legs, turned his cheek so he could watch Hannibal watching him, both of them panting.

"Take me, Hannibal," he begged the older man. "Please."

Hannibal seemed mesmerized by the picture Will made. It only made Will feel more wanted. Hannibal moved behind him, making Will groan in relief, but once again Hannibal did nothing more than caress Will's ass with tender hands.

"*Hannibal*," Will whined. "Hurry up, give me – *oh!*"

Hannibal's hand had come up, then down, spanking Will without warning. Will's body shot forward in surprise, then arched backwards into it. It wasn't that hard, but he could *feel* it.

"You like that, darling?" Hannibal rumbled behind him, rubbing over his own mark. "You like me marking you?"

"More," Will begged. Yes. He wanted it. He wanted everything.

Another, and another, and three more until both Will's cheeks were burning. Will was making little *oh* and *ah* noises with every slap, feeling the warmth spreading from his ass to his whole body. His rim twitched every time the blow landed.

"Hannibal," Will begged again, feeling like a broken machine, "please."

"Tell me what you want."

"I want you, I want you inside of me, I want your cock filling me up and your teeth in my shoulder and I want to be yours, *please*." Will reached behind himself and pulled his cheeks aside, showing Hannibal his aching entrance, yearning to be filled.

A sound of more lube being applied. Hannibal laid his hand on top of Will's, gripping it tightly. "Then you shall have it."

And finally, *finally*, Hannibal pushed inside him.

It seemed that even the great Hannibal Lecter had limits to his patience. He *slammed* into Will in one move, sheathing himself fully, filling him up completely. Hannibal and Will groaned in unison, each savouring the moment, the intimacy. Two broken parts becoming whole.

Will let his hands fall to the mattress, sated. Hannibal's free hand crept up to intertwine with his. He pressed a kiss against Will's shoulder before he drew back.

Will's stomach clenched tight in anticipation.

"*Mine*," Hannibal snarled and slammed in again. He set a steady rhythm, changing positions until Will keened in pleasure as Hannibal hit that sweet spot inside of him. Will went boneless against the sheets as Hannibal fucked him, sliding in and out of him so smoothly, as if Will's body was made for this.

Hannibal shifted his weight and pressed Will down. Will went eagerly, the friction of his cock against the mattress divine. Every time Hannibal thrust inside of him, the pleasure shocked through Will's body, making his toes curl.

Pressed against the mattress like this Will felt covered, claimed. Hannibal was so strong and safe above him, fucking into him with ardour. Will let himself go, flowing into the currents, body being played with a master's skill.

Hannibal growled and set his teeth against Will's shoulder, picking up the pace. Will mewled in submission when Hannibal bit his shoulder and thrust particularly deep simultaneously, Will arching back into him as best as he could.

"Yes, yes," Will panted, "Just like that, fuck, Hannibal, I'm yours!"

Hannibal suddenly pulled out of him. Will whined at the loss but didn't have to wait long until he was turned on his back, legs nudged open. Hannibal slid back into him without pause, groaning deeply as Will clenched around him eagerly.

"Will," he rumbled and kissed him. Their lips met again and again as Hannibal started moving his hips again. His eyes were half-lidded, mouth slightly open, and he had never looked more attractive. Will thanked his lucky stars with the three brain cells left to him and he stared at the beautiful man above him.

Hannibal met Will's gaze unguarded, caught up in his pleasure.

Will blinked. Suddenly, Hannibal seemed to grow antlers, two big black appendages emerging from his head. It made him look more lethal – more attractive. Will was too delirious with pleasure to doubt himself. He moaned loudly, throwing his head back and exposing his neck to this beautiful creature above him.

Hannibal was sucking on his neck the next moment, sending a thrill through Will's body, having such a dangerous predator attacking his most vulnerable place. He grabbed Hannibal's hair, circling the points where the antlers protruded, though his head felt smooth.

Will's hands soon went lax. Pleasure gathered inside of him. His lower muscles clenched, and kept tensing further at every thrust, every time Hannibal's cock brushed Will's prostate. Will didn't want to touch himself, wanted to drag this out as long as possible.

"I've wanted this for so long," Will admitted between kisses, whole body shaking with the force of Hannibal's thrusts.

Hannibal himself looked feral, eyes glinting dangerously, iris swallowed up by the deep black of his pupil. The pupil spread until his eyes were completely black, matching his antlers.

Will shivered.

“Every time you wandered around my office,” Hannibal sounded strained, throwing his head back at a particularly deep thrust. Will’s eyes leached on to Hannibal’s exposed neck, mouth watering. “Spreading your scent, your presence. When you bent over to grab one of my books, I had to grip my armrests to contain myself.”

Will moaned. “I would’ve let you.”

Hannibal kissed him again, and again. “When you leaned back against my ladder, showing me your neck, for a moment I was sure you were begging me to take you. That you did that on purpose.” His pace picked up further, nails digging in Will’s back.

“I,” Will panted between thrusts, trembling, “I might have. I wanted, Hannibal, *oh!*”

“Beautiful boy,” Hannibal moaned, one of his hands slipping down to circle Will’s cock. “Eager boy, so good for me,” Will closed his eyes, mouth falling open.

Hannibal stroked him again, again. His voice was rough as he commanded, “Come for me.”

Will came. Stars exploded behind his eyelids and water rushed in his ears as Hannibal kept stroking him and fucking him at the same time, not leaving him unstimulated for a single moment. Will felt his orgasm in his bones, riding the waves out, wetness spreading between their chests.

It felt like an eternity until he could think again.

Hannibal had slowed down and was staring at him with wonder.

Will blinked, dazed, and smiled. The antlers were still there.

“Beautiful,” Hannibal breathed.

Will smiled wider for a moment before his face went lax again with pleasure at another of Hannibal’s thrusts. He was still hard inside of him.

Will felt like he was floating, body completely relaxed, every slide of Hannibal’s thick and throbbing cock like heaven.

“Now you,” he murmured, stroking Hannibal’s cheek. His skin was smooth, so smooth. For a moment, his whole face seemed to be pitch black, but when Will blinked it was gone.

“Use me,” Will said and suddenly wanted nothing more. “Please. Selfishly, like an animal, take me and use me until you come, Hannibal-”

Before he could finish his plea Hannibal silenced him with a possessive kiss, tongue devouring his mouth. Then Will was turned around again, pressed into the mattress with his

ass half-jutting up in the air. Exposed.

Hannibal slid into him with a hiss.

Will's rim was starting to become sore, but he didn't mind at all. Hannibal rutted into him like an animal, just as Will wanted, using Will's body to seek his own pleasure. Paying no mind to his comfort, Hannibal set a punishing rhythm.

Will groaned. Hannibal was so big, stretching him open so good, filling every empty space inside of him. He wanted the monster to claim him, to finally be owned, all his daily crises and dilemma's and worries gone, subservient to his chosen mate.

Hannibal's thrusts turned frantic. He missed Will's prostate on half of his thrusts, but it only added to Will's pleasure.

"Yes, yes, yes," he pleaded as his ass was rammed again and again, Hannibal making noises that seemed almost feral.

"Fill me up, Hannibal, I'm yours, I, *ah*," Will moaned until Hannibal came with a loud groan and pressed himself deep into Will, mouth latching on to his shoulder, holding him there more than biting him. Hannibal's cock twitched inside of him as he filled Will with pulse after pulse of come.

Hannibal fell next to Will but kept holding him close, not letting his cock escape the tight grip of Will's ass. Again, they were lying side-by-side, but now Hannibal was inside of him, keeping his come where it was supposed to be.

Will sighed happily. Hannibal made a contented noise against his shoulder and showered Will's neck with kisses.

"Hannibal," Will sighed, feeling his body slowly start to clam down. Hannibal's antlers had disappeared. Now that the heat of the moment passed, Will started to doubt if they had ever really been there.

"Will," Hannibal answered in a heated whisper. His hands roamed Will's body in an exploring caress, not meant to excite, but to savour.

After another minute, Hannibal pulled out, Will making a sad noise as he did so. Hannibal chuckled. "I know, my dear, I know. But we'll have to clean up at some point."

Ever the gentleman, Hannibal soon returned with a washcloth and cleaned them both up, even trying to tidy up the sheets as much as he could.

Will watched him fondly, still high on endorphins. When Hannibal slid back into bed, Will spooned close without second thought.

Hannibal's chest rumbled contently.

"Tomorrow," Will murmured as they settled down to sleep, "if you want, you can wake me up like your instincts demanded to." The vision was clear in his mind's eye and filled him

with longing. “As long as you use lube,” he added with a smile.

Hannibal stilled behind him, then pressed him closer. “Will,” he said, a little shaken. “Will.”

Will hummed in agreement. “I know. I’m never going to let you go, either.”

Hannibal pressed his face against Will’s shoulder and breathed in deeply. Will intertwined their legs. Maybe, tomorrow, Hannibal would have his antlers again. Will would like that.

He went to sleep happy.

End Notes

The poem at the beginning is by Kim Addonizio!

Kudos and comments are love. Happy holidays!

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